

Wolf Team: retake Thigmas

by UnwarierTitan789

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-02-16 21:54:59

Updated: 2013-10-02 01:57:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:20:36

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 4,392

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: the UNSC's main planet of supplies has been taken by the covenant, and wolf team has been sent in to take it back. mission impossible, the odds are four to one billion. How will they fare?

1. WOLF TEAM, OBJECTIVE IMPOSSIBLE

Chapter 1: first drops

I am Spartan 327-S or 'Wolf', commander and Wolf Team Leader. Specializing in everything from heavy weapons, to explosives, to aviation, to repair, to tactics. When someone needs something done, they call me an wolf team.

No matter how hard the mission, we get it done. Day or night, rain or snow, nothing can or will stop us from achieving our objective.

I say this continuously through my mind, forcing myself into a battling mood.

The lonely corridors of the Titan are absent of sound and void of beings, other than those who fly and control the ship.

Captain Jacob R. White had just ordered me and my three Spartan comrades into a completely hazardous mission.

The four of us were to take back the UNSC's planet of Thigmas.

This planet was the UNSC's main supply of ammunition, fuel, explosives, you name it, and it was made here. Yes even cigars, but not just any kind of cigars. The Cuban ones. Funny how something as simple as Cuban cigars could last over hundreds of years.

Anyway, the four of us were being sent in to take back the planet, we were not accompanied by the marines, or an air force, just four highly experienced Spartans, armed to the teeth in explosives,

ammunition, knives and armor.

With only seven minutes before drop, I quickly headed towards the drop station.

On my way there, I was joined by Spartan 00678-EW or Emilie. We called her Spectre, as she herself was a bit of a ghost, hiding in the shadows, miles away from the battlefield waiting for the right time to strike. She was the team's sniper and a damn good one at that too.

"Well, four Spartans taking back an entire planet on their own, that'll be some legend." I chuckled to myself.

I hear her chuckle lightly, but it was hard to tell if she was smiling, due to the fact she wore a helmet.

Her armor system was the newest, yet still highly tested and experimented on, armor system; Recon. Light, efficient, maximum protection, something that was considered a must have for all Spartans, but not many actually had them. Her armor was a dull gray, but with the command from her Tac-Pad, her suit could instantly change color due to it's surroundings. I can't imagine what it's like lugging a giant rifle all over the place. Her primary weapon of choice would be the sniper rifle, modded to 7.06, Armor piercing rounds. Normally, her secondary weapon of choice would be the silenced magnum, or her giant knife. She never leaves the ship without either of them.

My suit was the new lightweight commando armor system coated in gold and red paint. This armor system was designed specifically for special operations, which fit this situation pretty well. Normally, I rely on the standard issued AR-15, Designated Marksman Rifle, and the standard issued magnum. You know, keep it simple.

When we reached the drop station, we were greeted by Spartan 0783-CH, Cierra 'fuse' Hayes, and Spartan 495 - ML, Matthew 'Hatchet' Luther.

Cierra, or fuse got her nickname from her knowledge and pleasure of blowing stuff up. Another of her specialties is engineering, but her engineering skills are nowhere near as great as her skills at blowing stuff up. She wears the bulky EOD armor system. Coated, in a jet black layer of paint, her appearance is greatly intimidating to those who have never met her. Normally, the Heavy weapons expert carries around a rocket launcher or a spartan laser for their primary weapon, but not Cierra. She modded her DMR to explosive rounds, allowing for more accuracy, capacity and damage a clip, instead of the usual six to four. Her secondary weapon of choice is her modded AR-15, with a clip of a-hundred and twenty, she is more than a match for the covenant.

Matthew got his nickname from his sixth sense for Close Quarters Combat. He currently wears the new armor system, CQC, coated in Turquoise and white. Matthew usually has a shotgun with him, when he is on and off the battlefield. The Designated Marksman Rifle was his choice for a secondary, as he liked to adapt to his surroundings, this was also his first drop with my team, he already knew the protocol and drill, so there was no need for explanations.

Taking only a moment to sync our Headsets, we entered our pods.

The eerie silence of the ship's empty corridor still followed us, and the only audible sound was the sound of static over the headsets.

Suddenly, Fuse's voice sounded over the channel. "Wolf 3 checking in." Her voice fade into the static, shortly after, her voice was echoed by Spectre's. "Wolf 2 checking in." she stated. "Wolf 4 checking, Matthew mimicked. "Wolf leader checking in. Captain?"

"Commander, you know the mission and you know your orders, get it done commander. We cannot afford an all out assault on Thigmas, so the only reinforcements you'll get well be a squad of ODST's, and they won't be able to join you until you destroy the covenant comm's array. We supplied you all with rebreathers, as we will be dropping you into an ocean, one mile from the shore for maximum stealth. The UNSC is counting on you commander."

"Well get it done sir, but if we don't make it back, tell the boys back home we tried."

"Don't worry son, they'll know."

"Thank you sir, Wolf out."

With only a few seconds left, I lock down my pod and apply my rebreather.

Silently I count backwards the time we have left before drop.

5...4...3...2...1.

There was a sudden sound of metal against metal, and I felt myself falling. This was it, no turning back, we had embarked on a suicidal mission.

Four against a billion, it would take nothing short of a miracle to complete this task.

WELL HOPE YOU ENJOYED.

TITAN OUT.

2. FEET FIRST INTO HELL, ENGAGE THE ENEMY

Chapter 2

Day 1 on Thigmas...

I could feel my pod falling through the sky, it felt like I had been falling for hours, but it was only a few minutes.

Finally, I hear the sound of my pod clashing with the water, which told me to open the hatch.

After securing all of my equipment, I kicked open the door, and began

swimming to shore.

I noticed several shade turrets lined up on the ridge just above the beach.

Taking cover behind a nearby rock, I wait for the other's to join me.

It wouldn't be long though, they all joined up with me about a minute later.

I explained to everyone their role, and we formulated a plan to silently eliminate all of the hostiles in the immediate area.

"Okay, Emilie's role is pretty clear.
>Hatchet, Fuse, you'll be coming with me. Silencers only, well have to do this quietly if we want a chance to make it off this planet alive. Understood?"<p>

They both nod in agreement. I looked to Emilie to make sure she understood as well.

"You may want to get a silencer on your rifle, don't want to blow our cover." This would not be an easy habit for her to break; she loved to hear the sound of her rifle going off.

But she knew the risks and wasn't going to argue with me.

Nodding in agreement, she put on her silencer and fell back to a better sniping position.

"Fuse, you'll take care of those turrets for us won't you."

I heard a short chuckle from her. "With pleasure."

"Good, Hatchet, you're with me. Well take 'em out, so watch your fire Emilie."

"Got it boss." the two answered in unison.

"Dismissed." Was all I had to say, before they all obediently began heading to their positions.

"Ready?"

I hear Hatchet first. "Ready."

Cierra was the next to respond. "Waiting for your signal."

"All clear over here." Emilie echoed.

"3...2...1...GO!"

As soon as the words left my mouth, I hear Cierra's DMR go off, murdering all the turret gunners, making Hatchet and my objective that much easier.

We rushed into the building, slowly dispatching any and every foe in our way.

Matthew had to refrain from using his shotgun, in order to keep our profile low.

It wasn't even five minutes before we had successfully destroyed every covenant in the area.

"Well that had to be the easiest and quickest fight I had ever been in." I hear him chuckle.

Unfortunately he was wrong, a spec ops elite, hidden in an active camouflage was sneaking up behind him. Lucky for him I had seen him, and shouted "Duck!"

Matthew obeyed obediently, hitting the deck, just as the elite's sword came swinging down, the sword cut through nothing but thin air, allowing Matthew to send a bullet right into his head, instantly dropping the elite.

It was at this time Fuse had caught up with us. "I think he was right."

"He was, but let's not try that twice." I chuckle lightly.
"Emilie?"

No response. "Emilie?"

"Boss?" Hatchet and Fuse both looked up towards me.

"She's gone; I'm not getting a reading."

"What do we do?" Fuse asked.

"Matthew, Cierra. Do you see that large building landing pads and the tower?" I said, gesturing towards the tallest building I could see.

The two nodded, telling me they had located the building.

"Cierra, you go to Emilie's last know location, and see if you can find her. Matt, you'll come with me." with a nod, Cierra sprints off to look for Specter, while Matt and I headed towards the Alluga tower.

****WELL HOPE YOU ENJOYED,****

****TITAN OUT.****

3. Chapter 3

Halo: Lonewolf
>Chapter 3<p>

it had now been about four hours since I had sent Cierra to find Emilie, and it was already dark.

"What do you think Matthew? Elites, Snipers, Hunters?"

"None, Cierra will be fine, Emilie will be too."

"How do you know?"

"Not sure, but something just tells me that they will be fine."

An uneasy silence followed as we turned to survey the surrounding area, scouring for the Comms Array.

"I was thinking." I began, trying to break the uneasy silence. "Maybe we should wait to take out the Comms Array."

"What reason?"

"It would make things a lot easier on those ODST's."

Matthew nodded in agreement. "This is true; perhaps this would be a good way to start our objective."

Again an eerie silence filled the room, and the two of us just kept an eye out on the landscape around us.

This city was like a giant metal maze, filled with wrecked vehicles, bodies, covenant, weapons...everything. "I bet if the UNSC can get this place restore to its former glory, then it would be a beautiful place." I thought silently to myself.

But that was just a dream, this planet was a barren and war-torn one, life may never return to it. But if we are able to complete our objective, then such a thing may be possible.

I am shocked back into reality by the sound of footsteps behind me.

In a fraction of a second, I grab my pistol and whip around to see if it was friend or foe.

Fortunately, it was Cierra.

"You know not to do that."

"Yes sir." she answered submissively.

Matthew pulled himself up off of the ground. "Were you able to find her?"

Cierra shook her head. "All I found was her sniper, her helmet and her TacPad." she answered, handing me Emilie's belongings.

"If she is still alive, then she can handle herself, but we still have a job to do." I said encouragingly. "But for now, we rest. Matthew, since you're the CQC expert, you and I'll take the first shift."

"You got it commander."

Sierra took off her helmet, revealing a young feminine face, with blonde hair and brown eyes.

She made no effort to get comfortable, for this was war. There was no time for such a thing.

Almost instantly, she was asleep.

"Matthew, go ahead, I'll keep watch, just let me hold your shotgun."

"Yes sir, Thank you sir." he replied as he handed over his shotgun and turned in for the night.

I turned to look back out at the city. It seemed so peaceful, so quiet. It almost hurt to know it might never again be inhabitable.

Sleep deprivation was the only reason I had volunteered to take the full shift, I had no idea how anyone could sleep through something like this, three highly trained soldiers against a million.

Those two should have been suffering from is as well.

Looking down at the streets far below, distorted by an eerie fog, I saw what I thought looked like my sister; but I knew I was just seeing things.

She was killed here on Thigmas when it was taken over by the covenant. She had saved a lot of lives that day.

I knew not any of the specifics, but I was told by a marine that she had been left behind and killed in action. That was all that I had been told.

I fell down to a crouch as I took in my surroundings.

Suddenly, I heard a noise coming two stories below me.

Grabbing Emilie's silenced pistol, and Matthew's giant knife, I head down one story, where I could now hear them coming up the stairs.

Crouching behind a table and concealing my position, I silently and patiently wait for the right moment to strike.

After a few seconds, they come walking by, clueless as to how close they were to their own death.

If it weren't for the glowing spots on their armor, the sound of their feet pounding the ground, and my built in night vision visor, I might not have known where they were.

I counted two elites, two jackals, and three grunts.

I wait for them all to pass me by, and once they had all passed me by, then I saw the opportunity to make my move.

Slowly and silently, I made followed the Elite farthest in the back until I was within arms length of him.

It was then that I struck, thrusting Matt's humongous knife through the Elite's neck.

I couldnt see the blood, nor could I feel it through my thick armor, but I heard it.

I pulled my knife from his neck before retreating back to the shadows to strike again.

The Elite and his squad had not noticed their fallen comrade.

So, I struck again, taking the other Elite, and then cutting my way through his squad mates.

It hadn't even been four minutes before they were all killed.

After checking and making sure they were all dead, I hid the bodies then headed back to the others, where I waited sleeplessly through the rest of the night for morning.

****WELL HOPE YOU ENJOYED,****

****TITAN OUT.****

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I now stood, gazing out into the blazing, fiery orange sky that seemed to float over the decimated city.

Sleep deprivation had kept me up all night long, something that could cost us the mission. But who could honestly blame me?

Down one man, outnumbered millions to four (three at the moment.) and we have to kill them all, but first we had to take out the comms array.

I look down at my TacPad where the bright red digits now read; 5:41 A.M.

Pulling myself to my feet, I woke my two comrades, handed them their rifles and headed out.

We slowly made our way to the ground level, paying attention to every suspicious detail, checking for any covenant forces that might be searching for the patrol I had taken out last night.

Just as we came to ground level, we could hear the sound of footsteps, Wraiths hovering by and chatter of enemy forces.

Giving my two squad mates a hand signal to halt, I silently leaned against the wall, peering my head around slightly, observing the opposition level.

Two Wraiths, Five Elites, seven grunts, four jackals two armed with needle rifles, the other two were armed with plasma shields and plasma pistols.

It hadn't seemed like much of a threat, but just as they passed by, he noticed the four hunters slowly slugging along behind their squad.

I look back to my other squad mates and shook my head.

"The opposition force is too high a threat, well have to sneak around them." I whisper over the headset.

Their response was to nod.

"Stay with me." I said silently as I crouched and slung across the hole, unnoticed.

Cierra and Matt were close behind, thankfully neither of of them were noticed.

I stopped dead in my tracks, there was a gaping hole in this side of the building and the patrol was still passing by.

I halted my team, again, waiting for the covenant forces to pass by, it would be difficult getting by them, but there was no other way.

"Okay, we'll either have to fight our way trough them, or sneak around them."

"Let's kill them!" was the answer I got from both of them.

"Hold on, before we rush right on into this, we should think this through." I warned. "We won't have Emilie to watch for snipers or cover us. Are you sure you want this?"

"Were Spartans, come on. We can handle these goons." Matthew boasted.

"Your confidence is admirable, but it will cost you one of these days."

"I know." he chuckled as he chambered the round in his shotgun. "Now, let's get to work."

I looked at them and nodded, then began counting backwards in my head. 3...2...1..."Go!"

In a split second, Matthew had already sprinted out of the building, heading straight to take out the hunter, he was only a few feet from the hunter.

He too must have seen the sniper, because just as the sniper fired, he jumped out of the round's path, revealing our position to the enemy.

Almost instantly, I saw the hunter spin around and was already upon Matthew, ready to crush him.

"Lookout Matt!" Cierra screamed, rushing in after him, firing off several explosive rounds at the hunter.

Fortunately he didn't require any assistance, as he launched himself out of harm's way, firing off a round right into the hunter's face.

The hunter had yet to fall though, and again, the hunter was upon them, motioning to smash them.

Quickly I fire off a clip into the hunter's back, taking him down for the count.

"Come on guys, how many times am I going to have to save your sorry asses?!" I shout as I run to join them.

"Let's give 'em hell!" Matt shouted, blasting off shotgun rounds.

I move to grab my Assault Rifle, but I see the sniper's rifle flash in the sunlight.

"Duck!"

At that instant, we all duck, allowing the bullet to pass safely over our heads.

Acting only on instinct, I quickly pull out Emilie's sniper and send a bullet straight through one hunter, who had been charging Cierra, passing through him, flying through an Elite's head before bouncing off the shield of the third hunter and then straight through the sniper's head.

"Nice shot." Cierra chuckled.

Putting my sniper back up, I equip my A-R and then the real fun begins.

But by now, the Elite's and Jackals had begun to return fire and Matthew had been hit in the leg.

He fell to his knees, but refused to stop fighting as he fired off round after round.

He attempted to pick himself back up, only to be blasted again, in the thigh.

I hear him cry out as he received another shot to the gut.

Still, he kept on, refusing to give up.

His persistence had all but stopped the attacker's volley of fire.

Cierra and I were speechless. Watching in awe at his will and strength in battle.

"We have to help him!" I shouted.

Cierra nodded, and we started to move, but we were pinned down by enemy fire.

"What do we do now?" Cierra shouted over the blaster fire.

"I knew this was a suicide mission." I said, growling under my breath.

But suddenly, there was an explosion, and the sounds of A-R's and Pistols.

We look up from our cover to see five humans destroying the force. They seemed to have already disposed of the last hunters and the two wraiths.

Finally, they had completely eliminated all hostile forces.

Rushing from our cover, we head to assist Matthew, who was now covered in his own blood.

"I'll make it commander, don't you worry, I'm not out of this fight yet." he chuckled.

"You will be if we don't get that wound fixed." I replied.

"Right boss." he said in a raspy voice.

With that, I look up to thank our saviors, only to find that they were Spartans as well.

The one with sage and yellow coated armor walked up to me first. He was wearing a Security helmet, his right arm was security with a large knife attached to it, and the other shoulder, a four .706 round bandolier.

"I'm Mark, but you can just call me Knight." he said formally. His voice was young, as were most Spartans, and his tone and build obviously said he was a male. "This is Nicky." he said gesturing to the Spartan beside him, wearing brown and black Mark IV armor.

Nicky responded with a salute.

I nodded in return, before turning back to Knight.

"This badass right here, is Jake."

I look to the Spartan on his left. He was about 8'9 and extremely built.

His armor was coated in White and red, and his armor was full Eva.

"And this is Caroline." he finished.

Behind him was a female Spartan suited in full commando, just like mine. Her colors were pink and teal.

A millisecond later, a Spartan clad in dull gray recon armor came walking up beside him.

"And this is Emilie, she isn't one of ours, so." he said as she came walking over towards us. "He hasn't said much either.

"yeah, she's one of ours, and she doesn't really talk that much."

I reach out my hand, meeting hers in a well gripped shake.

"Good to have you back."

"Good to be back sir." she replied.

WELL, HOPE YOU ENJOYED.

5. Chapter 5

Halo Chapter 5

"So..." I said, handing Emilie her sniper and helmet. "What are you four doing here?"

"It's not safe out here in the open, we need to find a more secluded spot." He answered, motioning for us to follow him. "But don't worry, I know a place. So grab your gear and let's move out."

He turned, walking off. The others looked to me, for they could not do so with our my permission. I have them a nod and we followed.

The walk wasn't very long, and we weren't much closer to our objective either, but these four intrigued me. The last ship on this planet, aside from ours, was the last evacuation shuttle, and that was several years ago. So what were they doing here?

Mark lead us into a small one story building on the corner of a street. While the others followed him inside, I stood outside, scanning the area. It was a one story building with roof access. Rubble from the next building over, spilled over onto the roof of the small building. That building was a 3 story building and provided a useful vantage point. I looked behind me. To the front of the small one story building was a wide-open, endless plain. There was little cover, save the cars and large metal debris scattered about the place.

On the right of the building, another street connected to the one I currently stood on. These two buildings in front of me seemed to be one of the few still standing.

There were a few rusty, out of commission cars that could be pushed into the front of the store to act as cover. I then looked back to the store and entered.

Upon entering, I found large, supply crates, scattered about the room. Everyone was already at a resting position, at ease and relaxing.

"Tell me, what are you four doing here? The last ship on this planet was an evacuation shuttle several years ago." I repeated.

Mark stood up, moving to the back of the store, behind a small counter, where he rested his A-R. He proceeded to take apart and clean it.

"I know, we were security escort for it's passengers and the shuttle itself. The four of us, we were ground support, the rest of my squad was lost in air combat."

I gave Gave him a simple nod and sat down, but I did not rest my weapon, as I was expecting some hostility from either these four mysterious Spartans or covenant reinforcements.

"It's been about 5 Years since the evacuation. We were left here to

fend for ourselves by our own choice. We've had only two casualties. After the second year, we realized none would come back for us and that we were going to die, so we started doing anything we could to mess with the covenant. That was when we lost them, we were running low on ammo and everything else, then you four show up. So...Why are you here?"

"Permission to speak sir?" Emilie began.

"Granted." I replied.

"To retake the planet. Objective primary, retake the nearest communications outpost to call in reinforcements, from there, we'll continue the rest of the operation."

I could only imagine that Mark was smiling when Emilie said that.

"We'll..." He began. "Maybe we can help each other out."

I stood, intrigued by such a remark. "Maybe...How much ammo do you have?"

"1-2 clips each, one rocket with two shots, a shotgun with 12 rounds. six MA-5B's, twelve grenades, a middle pod with two shots and six magnums."

"Good." I replied. "We're going to need all the help we can get."

End
file.